

Lummis

Contains notes on Translations
of Spanish Songs of Old California

Chata Cara de Bule
(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lambie

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!
Para no haber consentido, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;
Esa llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!
Horrorosa, chata cara de Bule, que he de hacer si
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but
a show, Ay!
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love
to thee,
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call
to prayer;
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of
thee, Ay!
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I
do if I lose thee!

Es el Amor Mariposa
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsdis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.
Es el amor un giligero, que busca su nuevo placer
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.
Por eso morena mia, cuando te vi,
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.
Por eso si no te enoja este cantar,
Esa tu hoguita roja, ábrela ya.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Mer he meets.
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

SPANISH SONGS
OF
OLD CALIFORNIA

1st BOOK.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. La Ramaca | 8. El Capatzen |
| 2. La Barguillera | 9. La Primavera |
| 3. El Quelele | 10. El Papa |
| 4. La Noche 'sta Serena | 11. Es el Amor Mariposa |
| 5. El Capotin | 12. La Magica Mujer |
| 6. Chata Cara de Bulo | 13. El Charro |
| 7. Pena Buena | 14. Adios, Adios Amores. |

SPANISH SONGS

Illustrated and arranged by *Charles F. Smith* and harmonized by *John A. Purcell*

OLD CALIFORNIA

Notes on Spanish notation. In all written out songs,
 the notes are written on a five line staff. The notes are
 placed on the lines and in the spaces. The notes are
 written in Spanish notation. The notes are written in
 Spanish notation. The notes are written in Spanish notation.
 1st BOOK.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. La Ramona | 8. El Capatzen |
| 2. La Barquillera | 9. La Primavera |
| 3. El Quilele | 10. El Papa |
| 4. La Noche 'sta Serena | 11. Ha el Amor Mariposa |
| 5. El Capotín | 12. La Magica Ruzer |
| 6. Chata Cara de Rula | 13. El Charro |
| 7. Pons Huesca | 14. Adios, Adios Amores. |

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonised by
Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.
Sombre me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,
Trino el consonte, que bello es amar,
Que bella es la vida, haciendo se va.
Cual mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.
No me los miro con calma, porque me siento el morir.
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel pensar,
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del
agua del mar.

I have my hammock aswinging, down by the side of the sea.
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!
How lovely is living! Life sways to its bliss
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves
of the deep.

just Death very much

El Quelele

The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
A las tres de la mañana;
El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Y el gato de sacristan.
Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
YK se murian de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Died as the morning was breaking;
Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragons and a corp'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.
And all the baby Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Cry them to death in their woe.

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquillo el aquilon,

Tu dulce sentinela, Te guarda el corazon.

Y en alas de los zefiros, Que vagan por doquier,

Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bella muger.) Bis

De un corazon que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;

No aumentas mas la llana, Piedad de un trovador.

Y si te muere a lastima, Mi eterno padecer,

Como te amo anama, Bellisima muger.) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:

Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.

And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,

To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flatt'ring still.) Bb

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!

Fan not the flame consuming, That burns thy troubadour.

And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,

Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women, love me so!) Bis

El Capotín
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorarse,
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotín-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,
Matame con tus ojitos, e esos labios de coral.

Con el capotín-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotín-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotín-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This
is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-
America.

Chata Cara de Bule
(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran las ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!
Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que he de hacer si
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but
a show, Ay!
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love
to thee,
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call
to prayer;
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of
thee, Ay!
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I
do if I lose thee!

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,
Donde estará la consentida, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;
Siempre la junta andando, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

El Zapatero
The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Harris

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Yo le dije a un zapatero
Que me hiciera unos zapatos,
Con el piquito redondo
Como las tirones los patos.

Mal haya el zapatero,
Como me engañó!
No hizo los zapatos
Y el piquito no!

Bis

I spoke to a shoemaker
For to make me a pair of shoeses,
With the toes all nicely rounded
Like a duck's bill or a geesees.

Confound that old shoemaker,
How he fooled me, though!
He made me up the shoeses,
But not the duck-bill toe!

Bis

La Primavera
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miran que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!
Y mirándonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,
Que cuando no nos miran, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!
Si allí mora algún alma que murió amando, que murió amando.
Respondió me una, respondió me una:
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, with flowers sowing, wild flow-
ers sowing, ay, ay!
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors
glowing.
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.
Eye me not for they are eying us, and they see us eye, see us eye-
ing, ay, ay!
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are ^{eye}ing, yes, lovers'
eyeing.
Now they are spying, now they are spying,
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll
be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking,
proving, ay, ay!
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of
loving?
One answered candid, one answered candid,
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never ^{man} did! Never a man did!"

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lunnis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombrea muy formal,
Ella se hace dolinar Si a la ventana se asoma
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

Soy mas duro que una peña, Y mi Pepa se deshace,
Con la muñeca que se hace Y al ojito que se guiña.
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

No hay otra hombrea en Sevilla De mas rango y mas xeneo,
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.
Y chillia, y chillia; Por Dios, niña, no se riñas,
Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.
And take it, yes, come: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And it's Attic salt, a see! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little hand began it.
And take it, yes, come: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And its Attic salt, a see! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a dame in all Sevilla Of more quality nor brio, or,
Nor so lovely, lively a frister As my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling. Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,

and not always: kisses! They are worth the world's completeness,

Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Es el Amor Mariposa
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.
Es el amor un giguero, que busca su nuevo placer
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.
Por ese morena mía, cuando te vi,
Te dije que te quería, con frenesí.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y juguetón,
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz,
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.
Por eso si me te enoja este cantar,
Ena tu boquita roja, ahórala ya.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly over, that with the first sunny hour
Tide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Mer he meets.
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

La Magica Mujer
(The Witch) *Enchanted*

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Luwals Transcribed and Harmonized by Arthur Darwell

Una linda y magica mujer
Me encanto con solo su mirar,
De vision o no se quo,
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;
Ay, y todita su amor a mi me entrego
En sus brazos ya estaba reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte
Besos mil y mil,
Que el que te adora siempre sera
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,
She that snared me only with her eye.
Is't a dream that raptured me,
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.
To my heart I caught my fairy. Caught I held my magic Mary.
Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses
All my own to be.
Thine and adoring ever am I,
Thine and vowed to thee.

El Charro
The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lewis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral;

)
) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

) Bis

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

) Bis

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella me he de casar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

) Bis

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarbarrar;

) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

) Bis

A lonely cow-boy was sitting, On the old corral-bar slick;

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "No, don't be grachin', Nick."

) Bis

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick."

) Bis

And ^{your} ~~that~~ little ^{Mariquita} ~~Sinait~~ sister, She's just the wife I'd pick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

) Bis

Then Nick gets a-sprite ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

) Bis

Adios, Adios, Amores
(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)
Edith Louise Foreman

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausanto,
Por tanto sentimiento que tu me has dado a mi.
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en las vida;
A mi patria querida Me voy a retirar.

Tu prometas dulzuras, Y solo das pesares:
Lagrimas a millares Se derraman por ti.
Y de tu cruel daga la herida es curada,
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores
A tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;
A mi patria querida, Me voy a retirar.

Edith Louise Foreman
Farewell, Farewell, our Loving! Farewell for I must never
From all the woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me.

In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou swearest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,
A million tears and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.

Thy cruel arrow'sounding Is healed to hurt no longer;
Thou'lt see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,
To them that so adore thee, 'Tis all thou know'st to give.
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Primavera.

I am not sure whether the mistake was caught in copy -

The second line of the second verse of the translation
should read:

And eyeing at us they're saying that we are eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing,

I find a copy in which the error was made of using the word
"making" instead of eyeing.

Corrections for Engraver ~ Song: La Barquillera

2nd and 3rd verses, both of text and translation, should be transposed. To make it perfectly clear, I have clipped and pasted a copy in the proper order.

Corrections for Engraver - Song: Adios, Adios, Amores.

Change sub-title to (Farewell, O love, forever.)

In the first verse of the translation, make the first two
lines read:

Farewell, O love, forever! Farewell, for I must sever
From all the sorrowever That thou hast given to me.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Hamaca.

Last verse, second line, correct it to read:

Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I feel Death very nigh.

Corrections for Lyrics - Song: The Magic Mirror.

Change sub-title "(the witch)" to read "(the enchantress)"

Follow original copy to verse:

"In one kiss endearing how she thrilled me!
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed.!"

Change the next two lines to read:

"Aye, the fall of her faith to me she freely will'd -
To my heart I caught my fairy, caught and held my magic Mary."

Remainder of song without change.

V

El Capotín
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotín-tín-tín-tín que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotín-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotín-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotín-tín-tín-tín, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotín-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotín-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This
is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-
America.

El Quolele
The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur J. Brown

El Quolele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
A las tres de la mañana;
El Quolele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Y la llevan a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un coco, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Y el gato de sacristía.
Y los Quoleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Y se murían de llorar.

Papa Quolele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Died at the morning gas his time;
Papa Quolele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragons and a corn'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Run-out for a sacristan too.
And all the baby Quoleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Cry too to death in their woe.

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.
Sombra me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,
Trinos el consiento; que bello es amor,
Que bella es la vida, meciendo se va.
Qual mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.
No me los robes con calma, porque me siento el morir.
Dale tu el alivio a mi cruel pesar,
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del
agua del mar.

I have my hammock aswinging, down by the side of the sea.
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!
How lovely is living! Life aways to its bliss
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I am thinking to die.
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves
of the deep.

de Primavera
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!
Y mirándonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!
Si allí mora algún alma que murió amando, que murió amando.
Respondió me una, respondió me una:
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eyeing, ay, ay!
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers' eyeing.
Now they are spying, now they are spying,
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?
One answered candid, one answered candid,
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never^a man did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel cerro alto,
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,
Donde estará la consentida, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff": Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La noche está serena

[Terceto]

Recorded and Translated by Charles T. M. Is Transcribed and Harmonized by Arthur Farwell

La noche está serena, tranquilo el aquilon,

Te sales a la ventana, Te guarda el corazón.

Y en las alas nocturnas, Que vagan por doquier,

Volando van mis suplicas, A ti, bellísima mujer.) Bis

De un corazón que te ama, Recibo el tierno amor;

Te aumentas das en llama, Piedad de un trovador.

Y si te mueve a lastima, Mi eterno padecer,

Como te amo a mi amor, Bellísima mujer.) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:

Thy sentinel no longer will watch the ward with sleep.

And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,

To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still.) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!

I'm not too fickle conquering, That turns thy troubler.

And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal love,

Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women, Love me so!) Bis

Adios, Adios, Adios

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Smith

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,
Por tanto sentimiento Que tu me has dado a mí.
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en la vida;
A mi patria querida No voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das penas:
Lagrimas a militares Se derraman por tí.
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es curada.
No mas sacrificada, Tomas mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores
A tus alonadores No mas les sabes dar.
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;
A mi patria querida, No voy a retirar.

Fare all, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever
From all the world to ever That thou hast giv'n to me.
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou swear'st to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,
A million tears and lonely, Are falling eye for thee.
Thy cruel arrow's cutting is healed to hurt no longer;
Thou'lt take me no more and strow'st, No more I live to thee.

Disconsolate mourning, alas, and sorrow o'er thee,
To those that no more love, Fit all thou know'st to give.
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
native land is calling And thither I must flee.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by
Charles S. Lewis

Translated and arranged by
Arthur Farwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una fragil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Respiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una fragil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.
A barquillera, Gualta el remo, No cesaba de bogar,
Gualta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una fragil barquilla, una tarde me embarque.
Deja, niña, que yo mismo, Como el viento empuje a tu boga,
Que así y en las coordenadas, Te terrible tempestad.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed me against the tide,
But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
In a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Or was there, sailor lassie, For it dazes me, the wonder
way you row;
Are you come to my arms, love, And fear thou not
ship-wreck so.
The port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
In a wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

May watch it, For the foam is blooming snowy
out to sea.
I am going, In a tender wild to thee.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Revised and Translated by
Charles F. Lumsden

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Percell

Called to Charro's side, by the summons he so gently;

He answered to him, "I am here, Nicolas."

Accused him of a crime, some crime; he was guano;

He answered to him, "I am here, Nicolas."

Now that he had said this, with him he had to pass;

He answered to him, "I am here, Nicolas."

Nicolas so desecrated, y so quiere desbarrenar;

He answered to him, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

A lovely one - a girl was coming, he said to her - but quick:

He said to her "I am here," but, "No, don't be so quick, for."

I need a good horse and saddle, and a slicker, but I want the price.

His boss he never says nothing, but, "I am here, Nicolas."

And that little signal shorter, she said she was his son.

His boss he never says nothing, Only, "She is gone for, Nicolas."

"Get up, and go to bed, to jump over the cliff right quick."

He never says nothing, Only, "Do it head-first, Nicolas!"

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and arranged by
Charles F. Smith

Transcribed and arranged by
Arthur Marshall

Yo le dije a un zapatero
Que me hiciera unas zapatitas,
Con el plieguito redondo
Como los tienen los patos.

Maltrata el zapatero,

Como me engaña!

Me hizo las zapatitas

His

Y el plieguito no!

I spoke to a shoemaker

For to make me a pair of shoes,

With the toes all nicely rounded

Like a duck's bill or a goose.

Confound that old shoemaker,

How he fooled me, though!

His

He said he'd do the shoes,

But not the duck-bill toe!

La Magica Mujer
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer
Me encanto con solo su mirar,
La vision o no se que,
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte
Besos mil y mil,
Que el que te adora siempre será
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,
She that snared me only with her eye.
Is't a dream that raptured me,
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses
All my own to be.
Thine and adoring ever am I,
Thine and vowed to thee.

Revised and translated by
Charles F. Smith

Transcribed and harmonized by
John W. Farrell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombre muy formal,
Ella se hace doliente si a la ventura se asoma
Y tosa, y tosa; Dase en la pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vale mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven ven.

Soy mas duro que una piedra, Si mi Pepa me desahice,
Con la muca que me hace Y el ojito que me guina.
Y tosa, y tosa; Dase en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vale mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven ven.

No hay otro hombre en Sevilla de mas rango y mas senao,
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.
Y chillia, y chillia; Por Dios, nina, no me rinas,
Si me haces enfadar, Vale mas que el mundo entero,

Ay! salero, ven ven.

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,
Sets me wild as wind upon her at her bidding in her glory.
And true it, yes, Love: Not me so shy back, Paloma,
And its little salt, a wee! Worth art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I'm harder than the granite And my Pepa has no credulity,
Making mouths to look as humbled, And her little back began it.
And true it, yes, Love: Not me so shy back, Paloma,
And its little salt, a wee! Worth art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

Not a dame in all Sevilla of more dignity nor spirit,
Nor so lovely, lively a friend as my very own Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
All of sweetness, come to me.

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosario)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,
Y vendras a consolar a este hombre en su afliccion;
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!
Para no haber consentida, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te di,
Los campanos del Rosario, tocaban a la oracion;
Iba llegando alla Capula, cuando me acorde de ti, Ay!
Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que he de hacer si
te perdi!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but
a show, Ay!
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love
to thee,
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call
to prayer;
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of
thee, Ay!
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I
do if I lose thee!

El Capotin
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere a una mujer!

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza a enamorar,
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,
Matame con tus ojitos, o esos labios de coral.

Con el capotin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips
take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a
thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This
is one of the best of the onomatopoeic songs of Spanish-
America.

El Quelele.

The White Hawk.

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Harwell

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

A las tres de la mañana;

El Quelele se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Y la lloran a enterrar.

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Y el gato de sacristan.

Y los Queleles chiquitos, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Y se mueren de llorar.

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Died as the morning was breaking;

Papa Quelele has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Now to his grave he must go.

Three dragoons and a corp'ral, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

The cat for a sacristan too.

And all the tiny Queleles, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

Cry loud to death in their woe.

La Primavera
(In Springtime)

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,
Los otros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!
Y mirandonos se dice que nos amamos, que nos amamos.
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!
Si allí mora algun alma que murio amando, que murio amando.
Respondió me una, respondió me una:
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers
sowing, ay, ay!
And now are the fields a-splendor, all colors glowing, all colors
glowing.
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.
Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eye-
ing, ay, ay!
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are making, yes, lovers'
eyeing.
Now they are saying, now they are spying,
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll
be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking,
proving, ay, ay!
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of
loving?
One answered candid, one answered candid,
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never ^aman did! Never a man did!"

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Peña de aquel corro alto,
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,
Donde estará la consentida, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas a olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".)
Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Noche 'ata Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by
Charles T. Martin

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

La noche 'ata serena, Tranquilla el aguilon,
Tu dulce sentinela, Te guarda el corazon.

Y en alas de las volutas, Que vagan por volutar,
Volando van mis suspiros, A ti, bella mujer.) Bis

De un corazón que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;
No aumentas mas la llama, Si das de un crebador.
Y si te mueve a lastima, Mi eterno padecer,
Como te amo ahora, Mellisima mujer.) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:
Thy sentinel as tender I watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander 'round they sail,
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, I whisper, 'loving still'.) B
Oh, take this heart to thy heart, The heart that with adore!
For not the flames consuming, That burn thy troubld soul.
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal love,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest of women; love me so!) Bis

Adios, Adios, Adios

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and Arranged by
Charles F. Harris

Lyrics by
Arthur Farwell

Adios, adios adios, Adios porque me ausento,
Por tanto sentimiento que tu me has dado a mí.
Por eso ya no quiero amar más en la vida;
A mi patria querida me voy a retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das penas;
Lagrimas a millares se derraman por tí.
Y de tu cruel saeta la herida es curada.
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores
A tus adoradores no mas les debes dar.
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar más en la vida;
A mi patria querida, me voy a retirar.

Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever
From all the world forever that thou hast giv'n to me.
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Sweetest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,
Tears and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.

Now's coupling is healed to hurt no longer;
We are and stronger, No more I live to thee.

Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,
Lies, 'Tis all thou know'st to give.
Still linger, No more I shall be falling;
Calling And thither I must flee.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Summala

Translator and Harmonist by
Arthur Maxwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Suspiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarque.
Barquillera, suelta el remo, Que no altera tu manera de bogar,
Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no te as naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, una tarde me embarque.
Deja, niña, que yo mire, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,
Que así van mis pensamientos, En terrible torbellido.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,
But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Drop your oars there, sailor lassie, For it dizzies me, the wonder
way you row;
Drop your oars and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not
ship-wreck so.
All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,

All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.

Leave it, lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blowing snowy
out to sea.
For it's so my thought are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Luzzis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral;

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas."

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas."

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella no ha de casar:

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene queño, Nicolas."

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desesperar;

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas."

A lonely cow-puncher was moping, On the old corral-bar alien;

His boss he never says nothin', But, "As, don't be groaning, Nick."

I need a good horse and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.

His boss he never says nothin'; But, "What ever you say, Nick."

And that little blightin' shooter, She's just the wife I'd pick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick."

Then Nick gets desperate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!"

El Zapatero

The Shoemaker

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur W. Wall

Yo le dije a un zapatero
que me hiciera unos zapatos,
con el piquito redondo
como los tienen los patos.

Mal haya el zapatero,
como me engañó!
No hizo los zapatos
y el piquito no! Bis

I spoke to a shoemaker
for to make me a pair of shoes,
with the toes all nicely rounded
like a duck's bill or a geese's.

Confound that old shoemaker,
how he fooled me, though!
He made me up the shoes,
but not the duck-bill toe! Bis

La Magica Mujer
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

Una linda y magica mujer
Me encanto con solo su mirar,
Es vision o no se que,
O es tan solo un angel sin igual.

Con un beso ardiente que me dió
Con sus labios de coral me mato, me mato;
Ay, y todito su amor a mi me entrego
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte
Besos mil y mil,
Que el que te adora siempre será
Tuyo para ti.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,
She that charmed me only with her eye.
Is't a dream that raptured me,
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.
In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses
All my own to be.
Thine and adoring ever am I,
Thine and vowed to thee.

Es el Amor Mariposa
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Es el amor mariposa, que a la salida del sol
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.
Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nuevo placer
Y manda sus dulces cantos a la primera que ve.
Por ese morena mia, cuando te vi,
Te dije que te queria, con frenesi.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz.
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.
Por ese si no te enoja este cantar,
Esa tu boquita roja, ábrela ya.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo se,
Veras, veras que felices vamos a ser, vamos a ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a fair he meets.
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.
In this our world, my Paloma, all passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,
That little rose mouth, bow-bowed, open, I pray!
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lumsais

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Quiero a mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hombrea muy formal,
Ella se hace delirar Si a la ventana se asoma
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

Soy mas duro que una peña, Y mi Pepa se deshace,
Con la muca que me hace Y el ojito que me guisa.
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca.

No hay otra hombrea en Sevilla De mas rango y mas noneo,
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Pepilla.
Y chilla, y chilla; Por Dios, nina, no me riñas,
Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven aca,

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her easement in her glory.
And take it, yes, toma: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And it's Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me!

I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little sink began it.
And take it, yes, toma: Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And it's Attie salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

As a dame in all Sevilla of more quality nor bricker,
So lovely, lively a frisker As my very same Pepilla.

She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with bawling,
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.